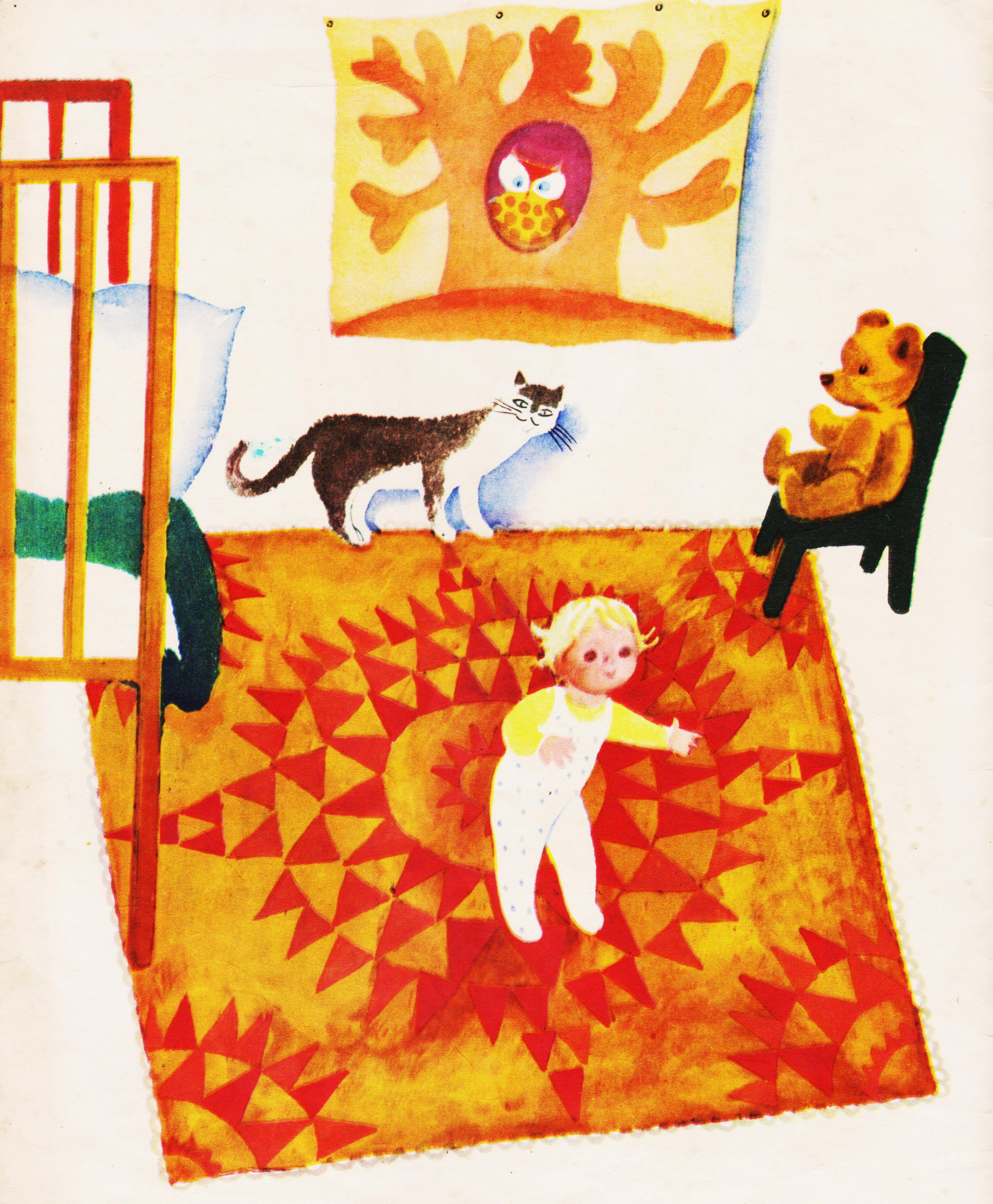
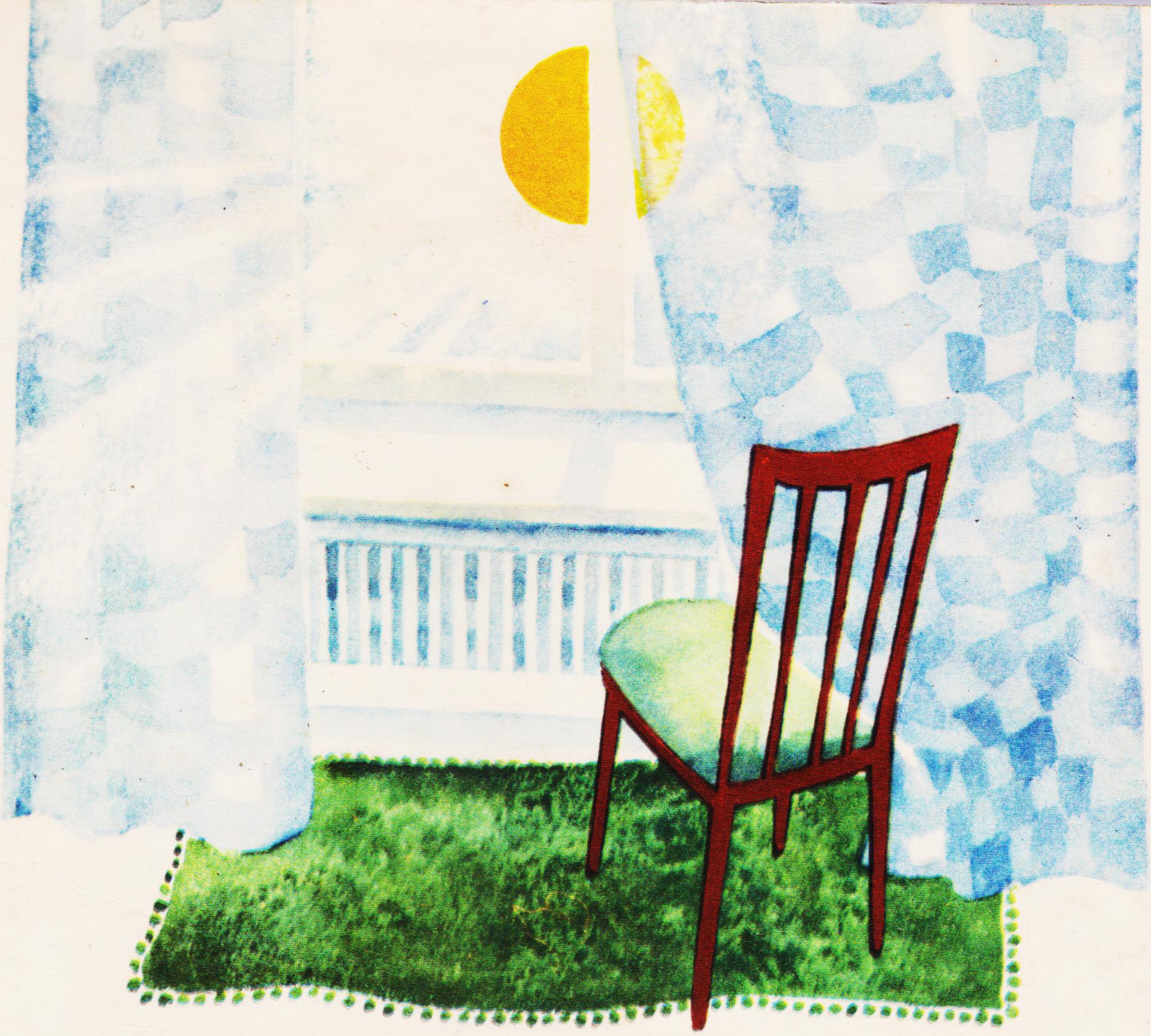
AGNIA BARTO

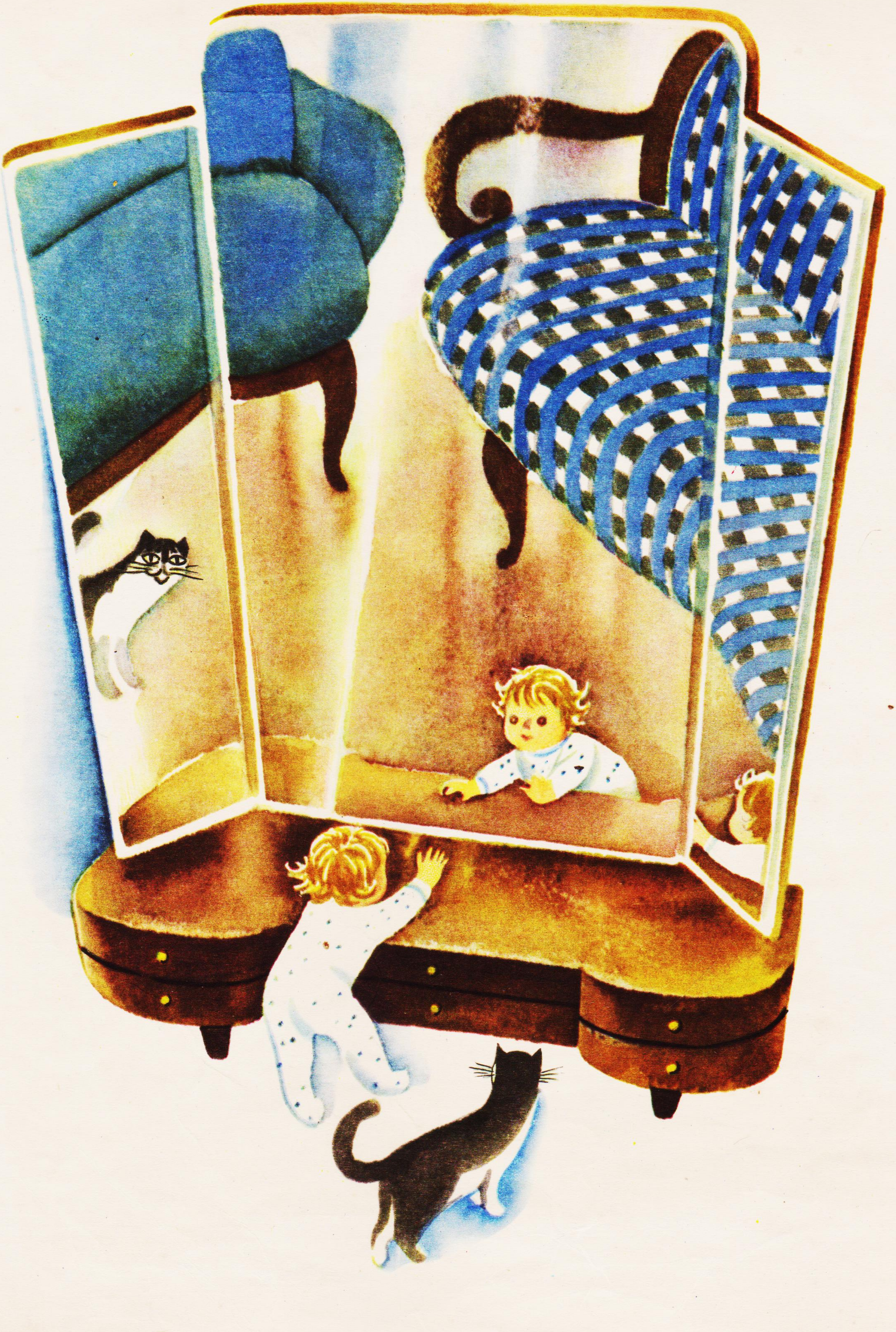
MASHENKA





Who is it,
Who,
Who lives in this room?
Who is it,
Who,
Gets up with the sun?

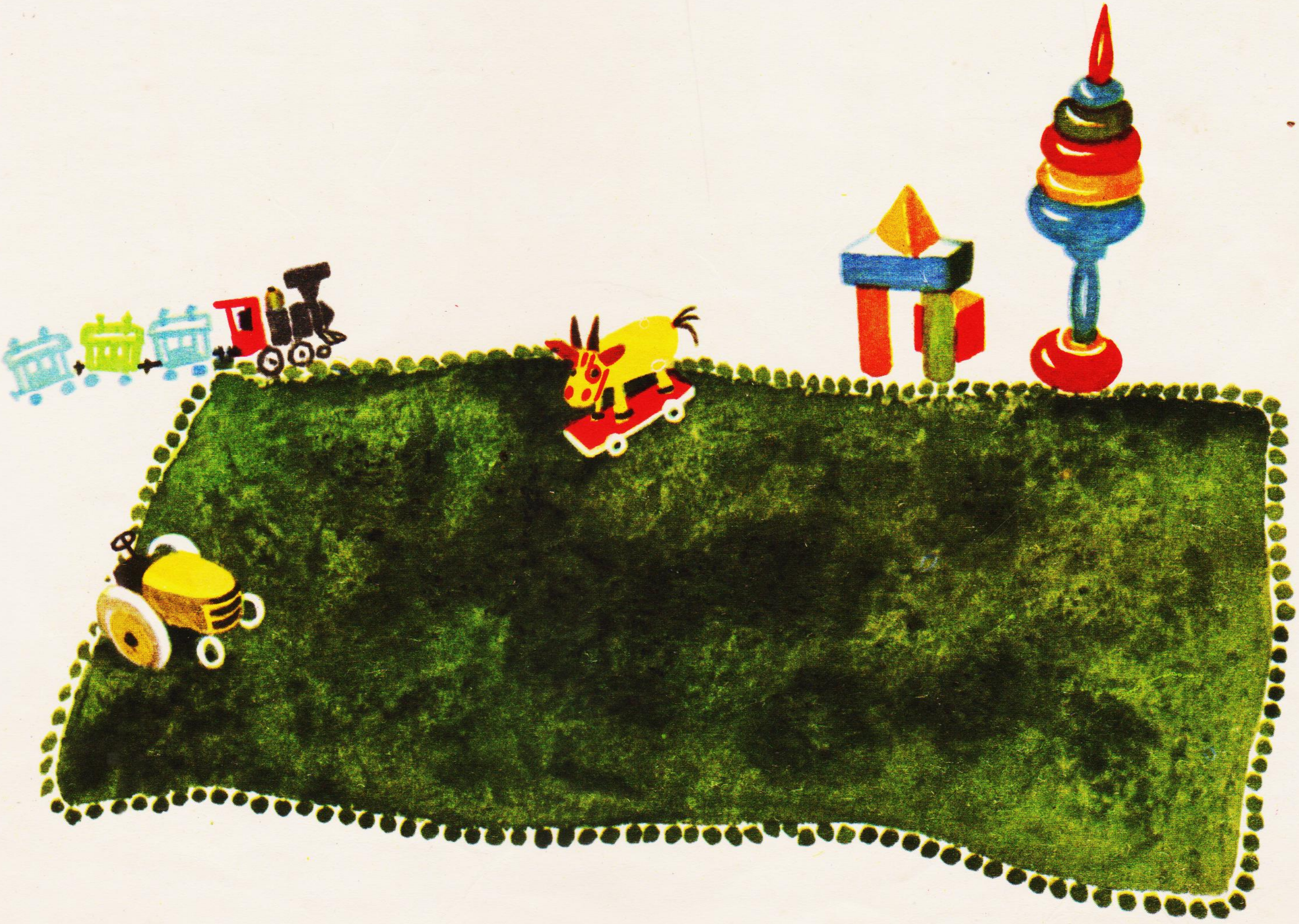
It's Máshenka — she's sat up in bed.
It's Máshenka — she's shaking her head.
It's Máshenka — she's thrown back the clothes
And clambered out on her little pink toes.

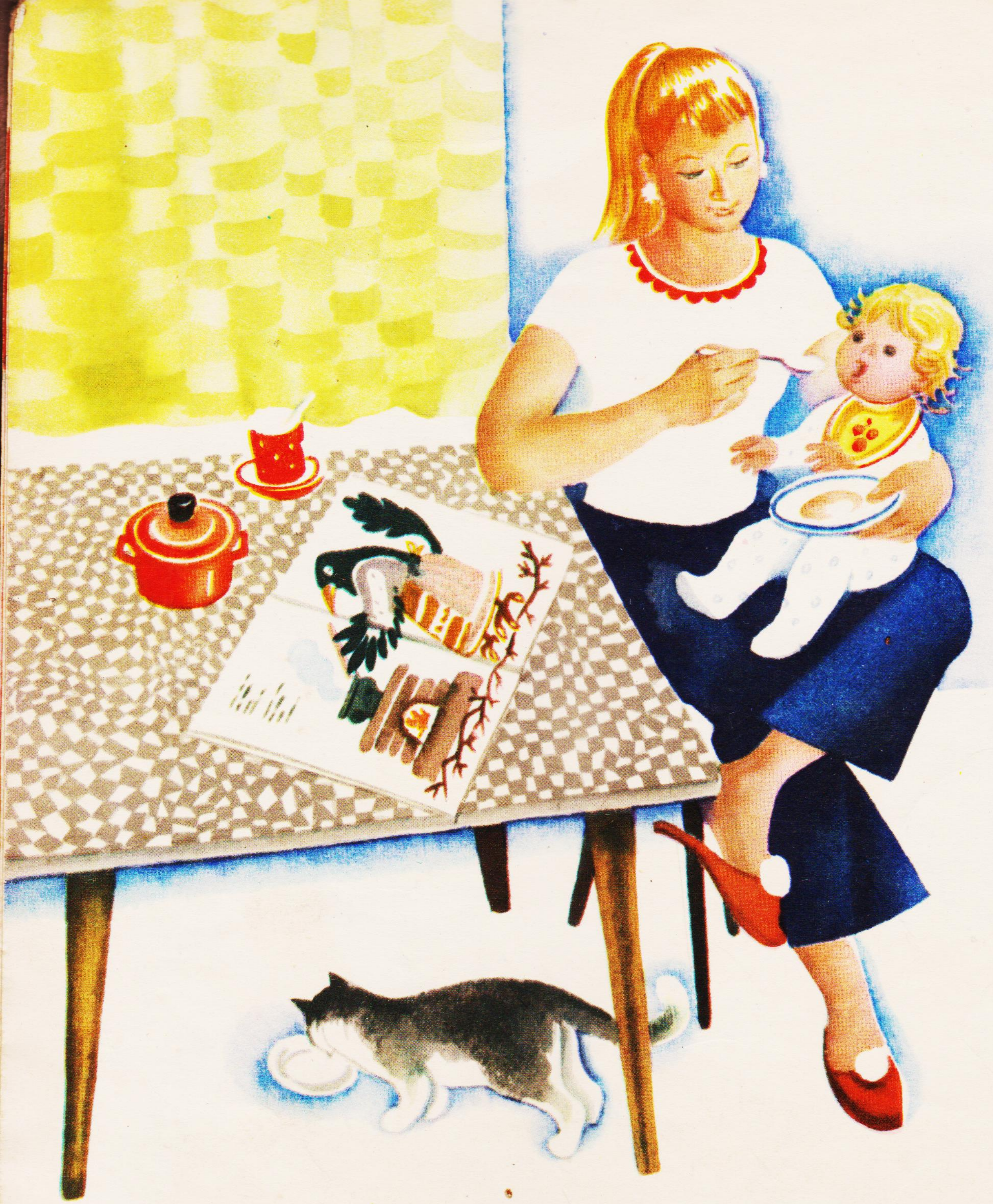


This is not just a big room—
This is a country vast and strange.
The two divans are a mountain range,
And that old mat by the window there—
A grassy meadow, green and fair.

Take the mirror, Máshenka,
Look, what do you see?
What a shock for Máshenka!
Who could that baby be?

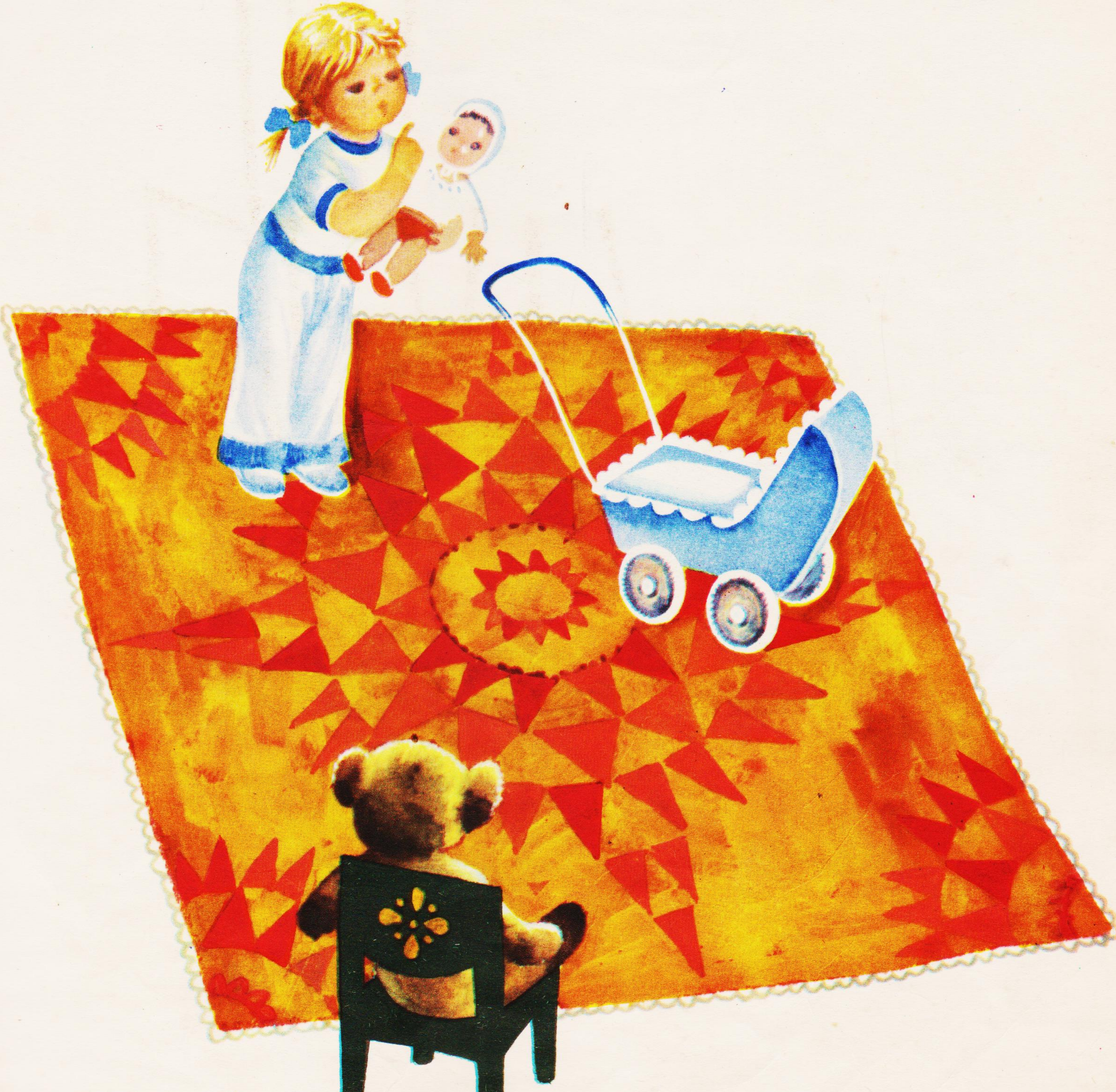
Now she toddles to a chair
As fast as she is able,
Clutches at it, then, from there,
Progresses to the table,
Then stops and looks around for more
Uncharted countries to explore.

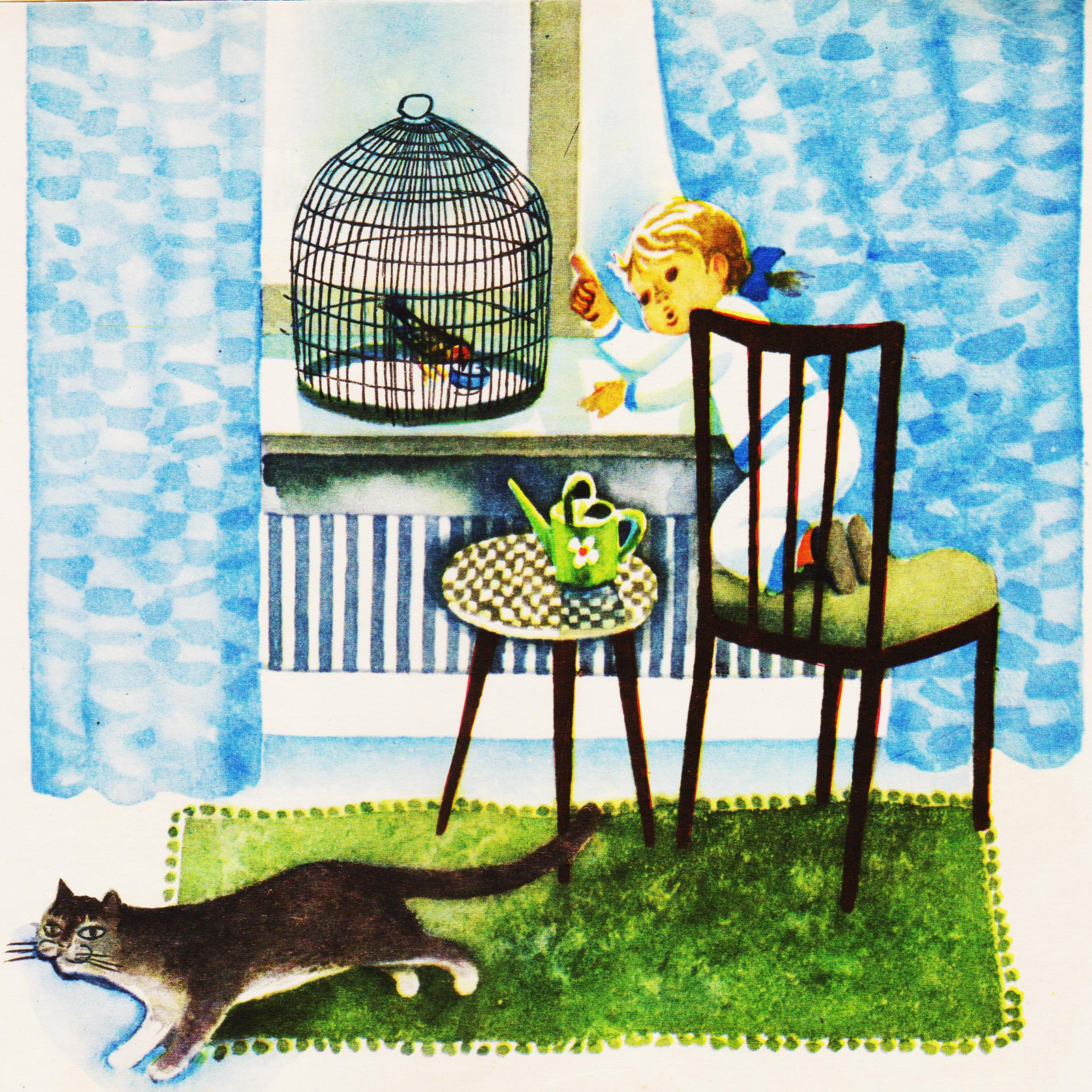




Magpie dip-tail
Made a pail,
Made a pail
Of pottage.
She'll tell Máshenka a tale,
If Másha eats her porridge.

How our Máshenka has grown!
She has a daughter of her own.
The little girl is six months old.
And very well brought up, I'm told.

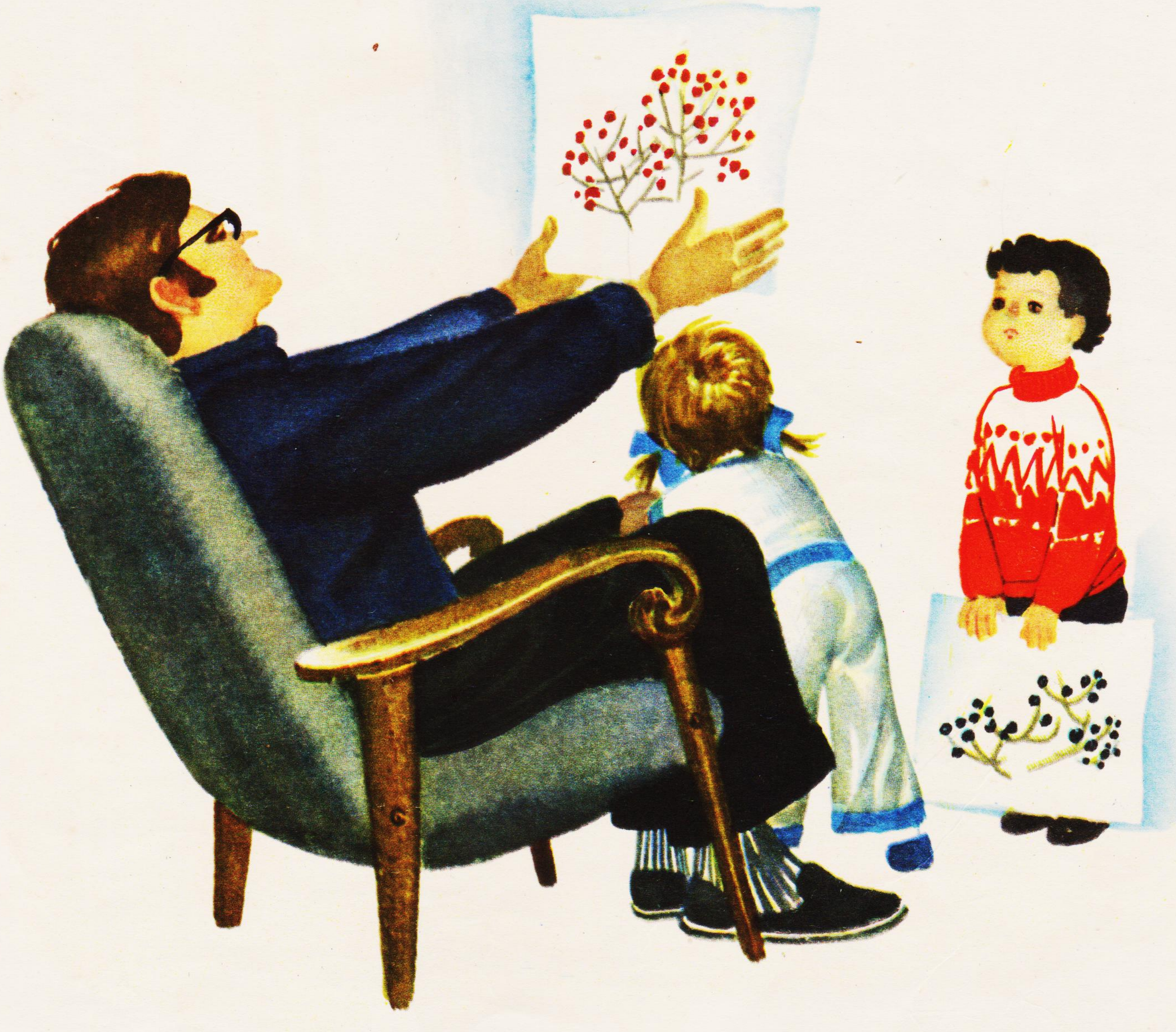




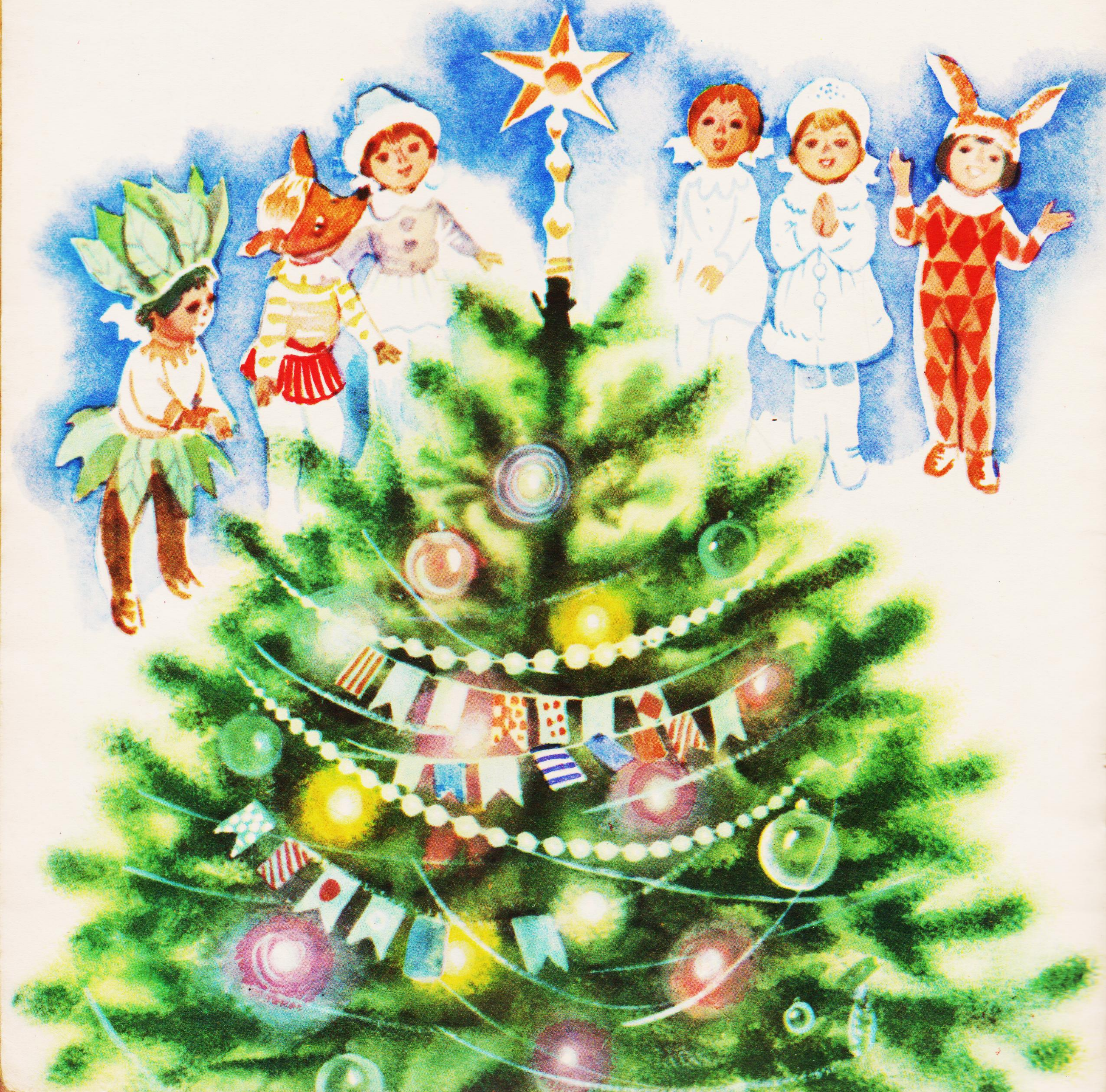
The blue tit chirrups in his cage,
Twitter-witter — chitter-chat.
He's rising three — it's quite an age,
But still he's frightened of our cat.

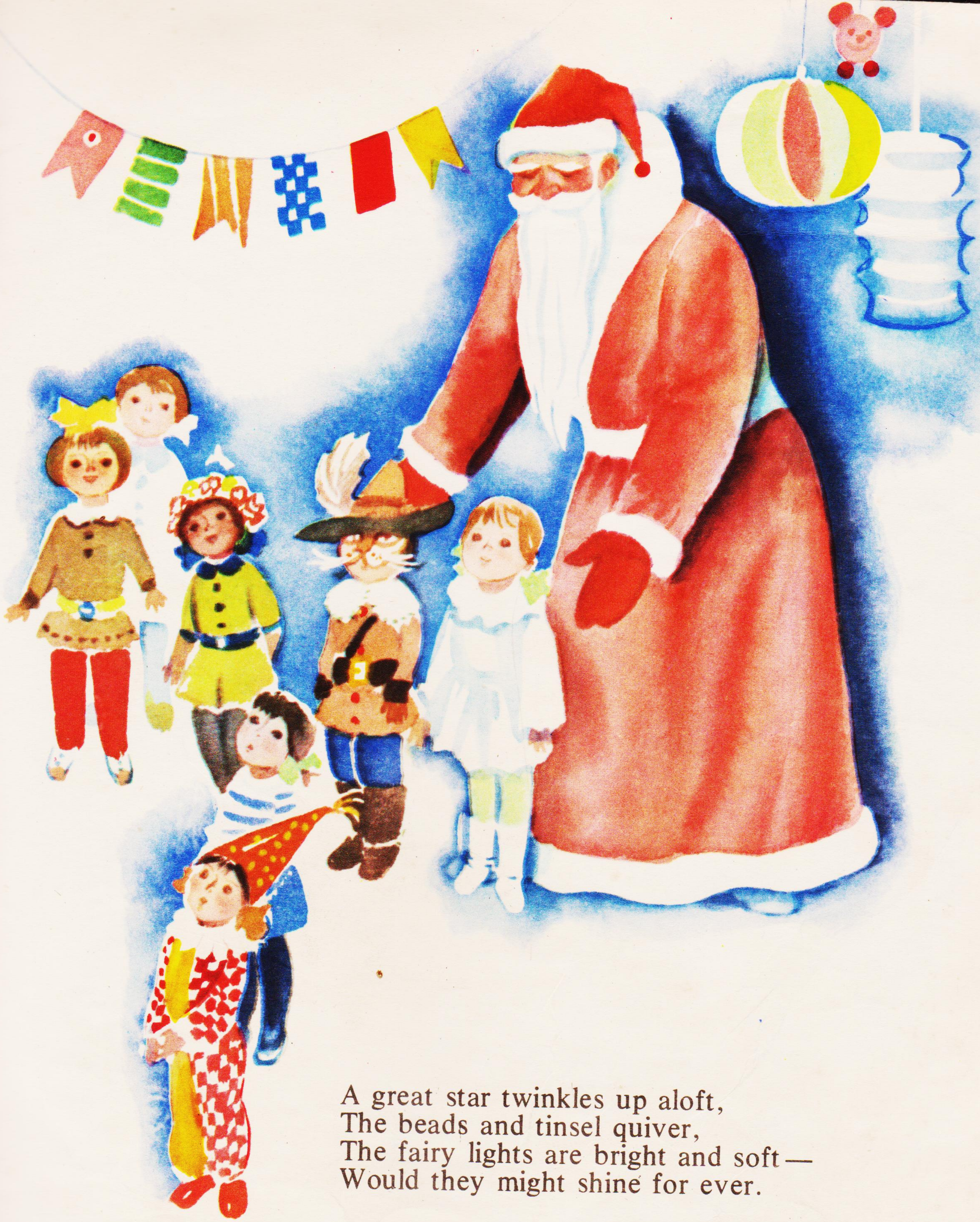
But Másha is not scared a bit
Of bird's beak or cat's claw.
She cleans the cage out for the tit
And shows the cat the door.

Let us draw our kitchen garden.
We have two bushes growing there!
One red currant, one black currant,
Berries bright and fair.
Berries for Másha, berries for all!
Black for a boy, red for a girl!



The little girls stand in a ring
As quiet as quiet can be,
Waiting for Santa who will bring
Lights for the Party-Tree.

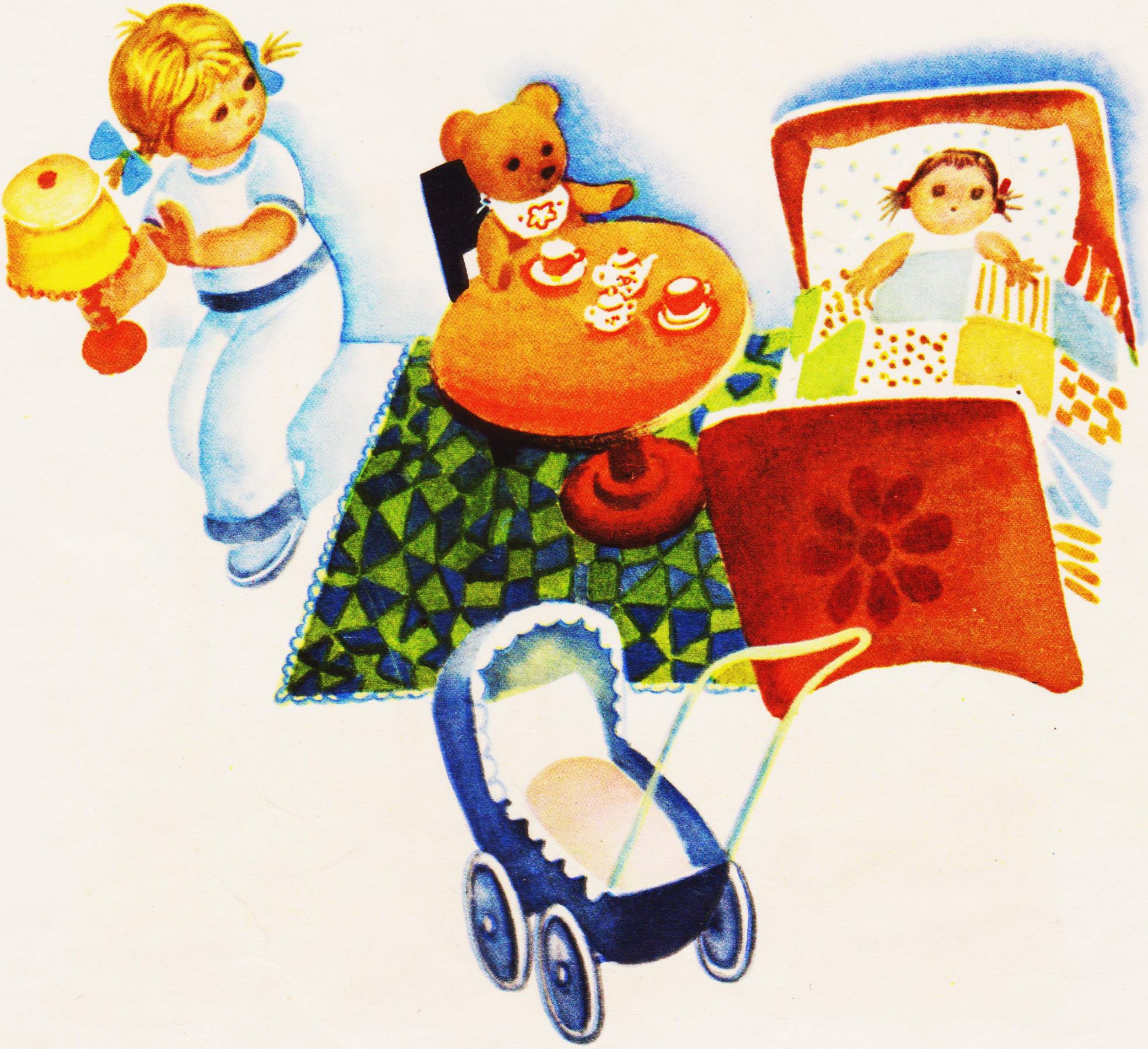


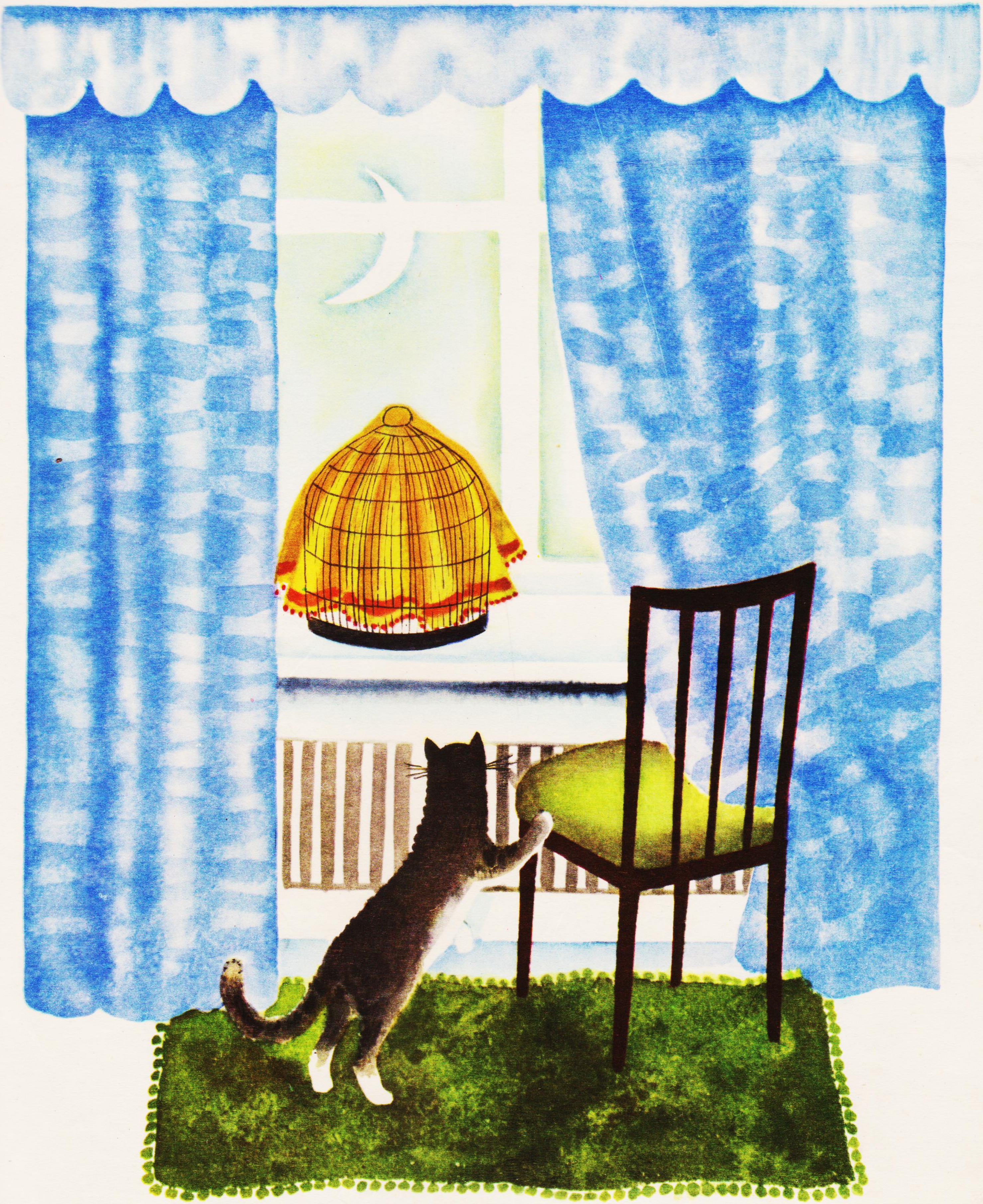


A great star twinkles up aloft,
The beads and tinsel quiver,
The fairy lights are bright and soft—
Would they might shine for ever.

The evening bells have rung out eight,
The house will soon be quiet and still.
It's time to cover up the cage
Upon the window sill.

Shadows sway upon the wall,
Shadows rise and shadows fall,
Birds through silence whirring....
Around the cat the kittens sprawl,
She, too, is sleepy, purring.

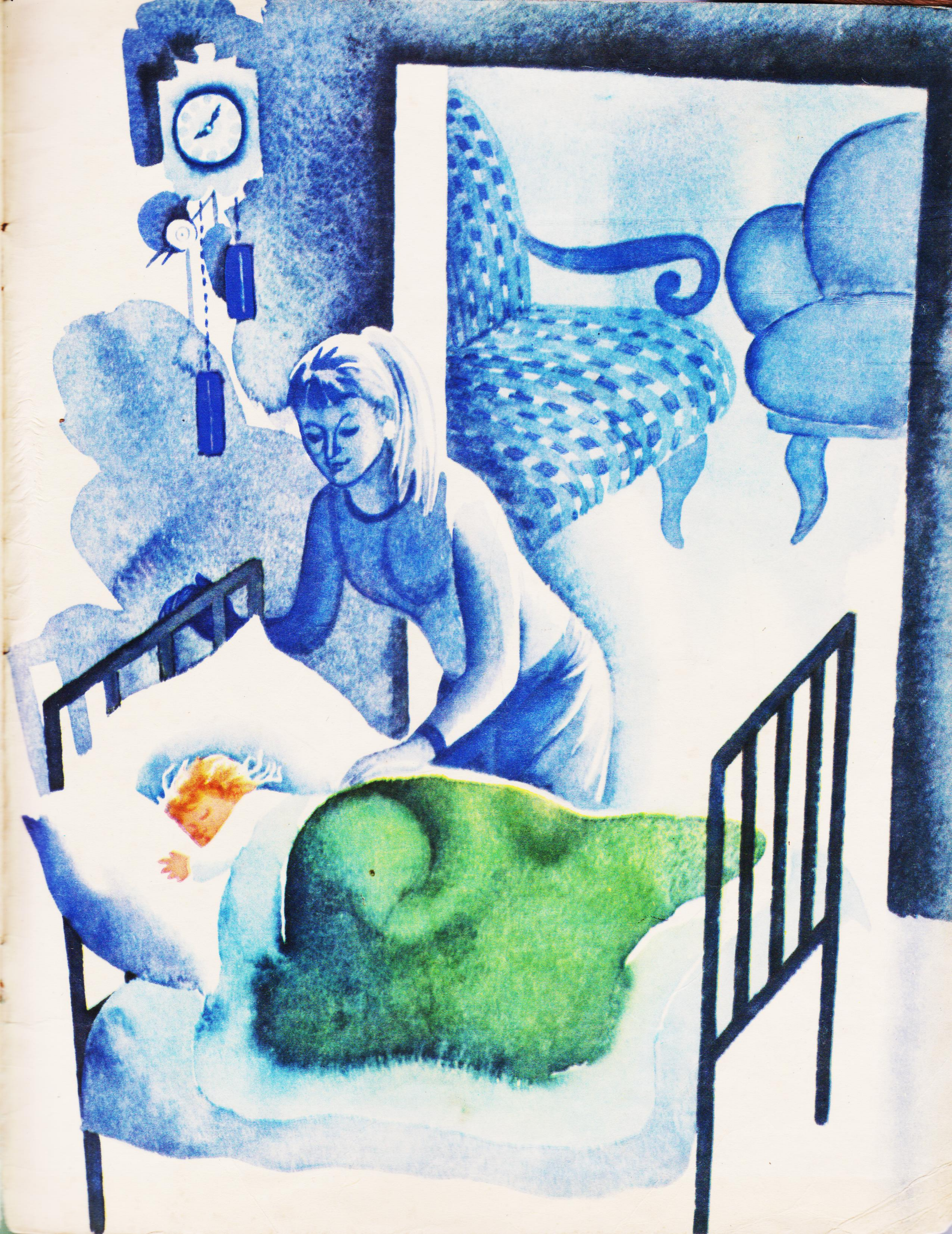




And Másha's daughter, too, must sleep—
She's nearly six months old—
She lies quite still and does not peep
Above the sheet's white fold.

Early bed, early rise,
Thus we ring the changes.
Beds, before our closing eyes,
Swell to mountain ranges....

Hush-a-bye-bye, Máshenka,
Lulla-lulla-bye.



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